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The Career of John G. Paton.

(By Geo. T. B. Davis.)

John G. Paton, the most remarkable missionary of the day, has landed on islands inhabited by savage cannibals and, after years of hair-breadth escapes from death, lived to see the man-eaters transformed into God-fearing men and women. He well merits the title of 'The modern St. Paul,' and also that epithet given by Spurgeon, who called him 'The King of the Cannibals.'

Forty years ago when Dr. Paton went to the New Hebrides, the islanders were supposed to be irredeemable savages. Darwin predicted it would be impossible to convert them. Many missionaries had landed there, only to be driven away or killed in a short time. Then, alone, yet trusting in God, Dr. Paton was put ashore. Years pass. Which will win in this thrilling contest of light against darkness?

To-day the venerable missionary is able to say: 'Twenty-two of the islands are now practically under Christian influence, our missions have 18,000 converts in a total population of 40,000, and there are upwards of 3,000 regular church members. The Scriptures have been translated into twenty-one different languages. We have 300 native preachers and teachers, to which number there are continual additions.'

Dr. Paton was born in Scotland seventy-five years ago. For many years before entering on his work in the South Sea Islands he was a zealous worker in Glasgow. His experiences in that great city, indeed, were hardly less thrilling than those through which he has since passed in less happy climes, and he still recalls how he and his gallant little band were pursued by a Glasgow mob, how the publicans disturbed his meetings, and how he was publicly cursed by Roman Catholic priests. But his real career began when, in 1858, he determined to give his life for the salvation of the New Hebrides.

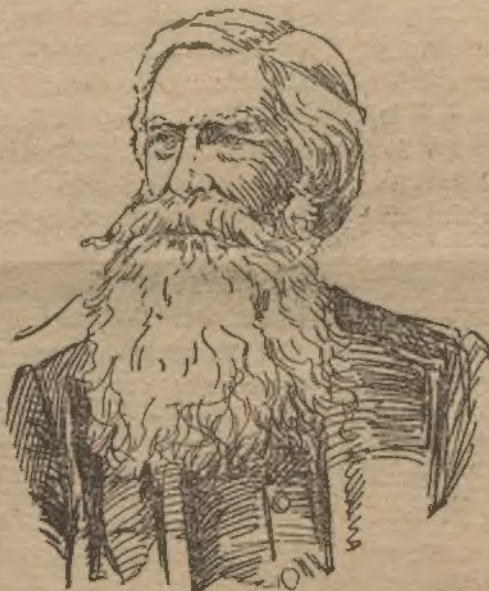
It was characteristic of him that when one of his friends, a deacon, tried to dissuade him from his intention by warning him that he would be eaten by cannibals, he should reply: 'Mr. ———, you are advanced in years now and your own prospect is soon to be laid in the grave, there to be eaten by worms. I confess to you that if I can but live and die serving and honoring Jesus it will make no difference to me whether I am eaten by cannibals or by worms; and in the great day of judgment my body will rise as fair as yours.' Nobody attempted to dissuade him after that, and on Nov. 5, 1858, he landed, with his young wife, at Tanna.

From that time his life has been one of thrilling interest, though often he has been almost crushed by sorrow and despair. Three months after their arrival in Tanna his heart was gladdened by the birth of a child; but sudden joy became sudden grief, when, a month later, both wife and child were laid in the grave. With his own hands he dug the grave in which the bodies lie on that lonely island, and in the long nights that followed the poor Tannese wondered to see the white man bent in tears over the little grass mound beneath the trees.

The story of his hair-breadth escapes from

the cannibals reads like fiction rather than truth. Over and over again he was within an inch of death at the hands of the savages. 'A wild chief followed me about for hours with his loaded musket,' he says, 'and though often directed at me, God restrained his hand. I spoke kindly to him and went on with my work as if he had not been there.'

Cruel superstition, disease and treachery were some of the forces against which Dr. Paton had to contend at Tanna. On one occasion he was called to a dying chief. 'Come near me and talk with me, Missi,' said the chief when the doctor entered the room. Here is what followed, told in Dr. Paton's own words: 'While I was speaking to him he lay lost in a swoon of silent meditation. Suddenly he drew from the sugar cane leaf that close to his bed a large butcher-like knife, and instantly feeling the edge of it with his other hand, he pointed it to within a few inches of my heart and held it quivering there all a-tremble with excitement. I durst neither move nor speak. Then passed a few moments of awful suspense. My sight went and came. Not a



JOHN G. PATON,
The Paul of the New Hebrides.

word had been spoken except to Jesus; and then Ian wheeled the knife round, thrust it into the sugar cane leaf, and cried to me, 'Go, go quickly!' I understood then that it had been agreed that Ian was to kill me, so that when the man-of-war came to inquire about me he would be dead, and no punishment would overtake the murderer.'

At other times they attacked his house, calling him to the window in a friendly manner and then raising their hatchets to strike him, but on seeing his revolver they fell back. Yet these men attended the services and listened to what the preacher had to say. But they never came unarmed. All through the service their bows and arrows, spears, tomahawks, clubs and muskets were ready for action.

At last, after eight years, it became impossible to remain in Tanna. In the dead of night the natives set fire to the church near the mission house. The doctor awoke and went out, and there were loud cries of 'Kill him.' They raised their clubs, but suddenly there came upon the island a mighty tornado of wind and rain, driving the flames away from the house in which the missionary's friends were sleeping. Had it

come the other way no power on earth could have saved the lives of the little party. The natives were panic-stricken and fled crying, 'That is Jehovah's rain. Their Jehovah God is fighting for them.' Next morning a ship passed the island, and with a breaking heart Dr. Paton bade farewell to Tanna and its people, yielding to the urgent persuasions of the supporters of the mission in Australia. He is the only one left to tell the story of those pioneer years among the Tannese cannibals, and those who have heard him on his visits to this country are not likely ever to forget the earnestness and impressiveness of his manner, or the kindly way in which he always speaks of the natives who tried so often to take his life.

For fifteen years after leaving Tanna Dr. Paton devoted himself to Aniwa, another of the islands, where he met with great success. The story of how, when he sunk a well and obtained a good supply of fresh water, the natives rallied round him and declared that Jehovah had sent them rain from below, is a singular illustration of the way in which the heathen are brought to a knowledge of the truth. 'Wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God; no God of Aniwa ever helped us in this way,' they cried; and they made a fire of their idols and threw over symbols of their heathenism into the sea.

Then Dr. Paton went back to Tanna, and with the help of his wife (for he had married again) and of other zealous workers, it was also won for the cross. Thus one after another, island after island, was captured for Christ until twenty-two had been turned from gods of stone to the God of love. Meanwhile Dr. Paton's scholarship had kept pace with his heroism. He had learned twenty-one native dialects and had translated, printed and distributed part or all of the Scriptures on each island! And to-day, at seventy-five years of age, after labors that would have broken down a dozen ordinary men, Dr. Paton is as clear-eyed, sprightly of step and vigorous as a young man of thirty.

And one of the most interesting features of this real life romance remains yet to be told. Dr. Paton's father was a weaver. It was the dream of his life to go as a missionary. However, to pay honest debts, he heroically stuck to his loom—but consecrated his son to the holy task. He had his reward for his faithfulness in seeing his son become the greatest missionary of the time, and in addition—the debts having been paid—himself became an enthusiastic colporteur among the poor of Scotland.—'Standard.'

The Progress of Temperance in Manitoba and the North-West.

(By the Rev. J. M. Harrison.)

The word 'Temperance' is coming to mean just what the Scriptural term implies, 'The moderate use of all things lawful, and the total abstinence from all things unlawful,' or, as applied to the traffic in strong drink, 'Total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State, for beverage purposes.' A review of this question as relating to Manitoba and the North-West Terri-

stories will reveal some very interesting facts. If we go into the early history of the country, we will find a very wise administration prohibiting the introduction of rum into the interior, so that, away from the more central trading posts, the employees of the fur companies and the natives were protected from the deadly curse. But the annual trips to the larger ports were usually signalized by orgies of the most revolting character. Indians, half-breeds, and traders alike fell under the debasing influence of the fire-water, and oftentimes left the forts to return to their far-off homes in debt for the few articles procured, which debt must be discharged by the furs gathered during the coming winter's hunt. I have been told that frequently an Indian would sell his pony for a gallon of rum, and during these periods the company would very carefully bar the gates, otherwise left unguarded.

With the entry into Confederation a very welcome change came. The sale of all intoxicants to those considered minors was prohibited. In the earlier history of the North-West Territories, this principle of prohibition was widened, so that from the western boundary of Manitoba, a little east of Brandon, to the Rocky Mountains the prohibition of the liquor traffic was absolute. During the regime of an executive in fullest sympathy with the provisions and intent of the law, prohibition did prohibit. While Governor Laird held the reins of administration, drunkenness in that vast district was practically unknown. Devices to evade the law were resorted to, such as boxes of painkiller, castor-oil, bottles in frozen rabbits and geese, and false tops and bottoms in sugar barrels, etc. And yet with all these instruments of the devil, and his numerous agents high and low, the law was well enforced, until an executive came into power that was in strong sympathy with the drinking usages, and by a free and indiscriminate use of 'permits,' which covered everything from unfermented sacramental wine to Irish rye, brought this truly splendid law into disrepute. In one instance, which came under my own notice, liquor was procured on a permit given, for a period of eighteen months after the recipient of said permit had been dead.

The Dominion Law, regarding the use of intoxicants, was so rigidly enforced during a large portion of the time that the C. P. R. was building its main line, that an American gentleman, noticing the excellent order preserved, as cars crowded with navvies were moving out to work from Moose Jaw, said, 'If this were on our side of the line, there would be drinking, profanity, blows, and possibly broken heads and limbs.'

The advent of the Lieutenant-Governor who first introduced four percent beer was a cause of deep sorrow to the Territories, and the license law, passed in 1892, was a protest from the people against the lax administration of one of the best laws the Dominion Government ever enacted. During two full years my memory does not recall an arrest in Regina for drunkenness under the permit system, badly administered though it was, but within three weeks after the license law came into force there were two arrests, and within three months the town, which existed for nearly ten years without any civic police, felt compelled to protect its citizens by the appointment of a constable. This looks very much like retrogressive progress.

Turning to Manitoba, we will see that while there are still a large number of licenses granted, the electors are growing tired of the tyrant that is cursing and blasting our fair province. In 1899 an Assembly

was elected pledged to give the province 'A measure which shall give effect to the will of the people regarding prohibition of the liquor traffic, which measure shall go as far in the direction of prohibition as the powers of the province will allow.' In harmony with this pledge, such a 'measure' was prepared by one of the best legal firms of the province, and was passed at the last session of our Local Assembly, to come into force on June 1, 1901. We will look at the steps which led to this consummation.

In the early '70's Thos. Nixon, Esq., came to Manitoba, holding an appointment from the Dominion Government. He at once entered upon his beloved work of organizing the temperance forces for aggressive action, and established the first lodge of I. O. G. T. Mr. Nixon has been frequently honored by his brethren, and has represented them at international gatherings in Europe and in the United States. Closely following this step, he became the central figure of the Blue Ribbon movement, which held gospel temperance meetings for some years, on Sabbath afternoons, and always kept their pledge-book open for signatures. The 'Canada Temperance Act' being passed, it was thought well to organize the whole province for a campaign before large vested rights should be acquired. To do this more effectively a provincial branch of the Dominion Alliance was formed in 1879, with the Hon. J. W. Sifton as president. Some friend remarked to Mr. Sifton that such an act on his part might cost him his seat in the Local Assembly, but his truly patriotic answer was, 'If I must choose between my seat in the House and the presidency of the Alliance, I will choose that office that will enable my influence to tell most strongly in moral reform.' The campaign was most successful, and we carried the 'Act' in Marquette with a large majority, but the courts threw it out on a technicality. Our labor was not lost. Meetings were held throughout the Province, and branches of the Alliance organized everywhere. The conditions of local option, made possible by the Provincial statutes, were so successfully operated, that two-thirds of the Province were under practical prohibition.

The general interest was awakened. Organizations multiplied. One temperance society, not believing in denying any 'good creature of God' to his children, pledged its members simply to partake in moderation, but just where the line of moderation existed was hard to define. The president of one of the branches, of which the writer had personal knowledge, found the line in a state of hilarious intoxication. Other organizations quickly followed. The W. C. T. U. was organized in 1882 by the gifted and now sainted Miss Willard, and their work has been prosecuted under the direction of such elect ladies as Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. Dolsen, Dr. A. Yeomans, Mrs. G. H. Mills, and others too numerous to mention. The most important educative work done by this organization is in the introduction of the study of temperance, and the nature of alcohol and tobacco, and their effect on the human organism, into our public school system, and it is in this that their influence will be most permanently felt. They also held monthly 'mothers' meetings' at which were very fully discussed the question of 'social purity,' and parental and related functions were studied with very good results. The R. T. of T. organization was effected under the very able and efficient direction of the Rev. J. W. Bell, B.D., and W. W. Buchanan, Esq. The chief value of these organizations was found in the splendid work which was done by their Gospel temperance evangelists throughout the Province and Territories. No one can estimate the lasting benefit received from such services as those rendered by the 'Emerald Trio,' Mrs. Bessie Keefer, and, later, by the Rev. E. O. Taylor. The combined efforts served to greatly awaken the public conscience, and most marked results followed.

During the '80's many deputations, union and individual, waited on the Government, asking for measures and amendments, many of which were not in harmony with each other. The Government very naturally said, 'You temperance people do not know what you do want.' The Alliance, for some reason, had lost the confidence of the people, and to unite the various factions the leaders of the temperance forces formed, under the very energetic presidency of W. R. Mullock, Esq., 'The Prohibition League,' which was composed of delegates elected by each of the existing organizations. The first act of the 'League' was to petition the Government to give the first 'plebiscite' ever taken in Canada on this question. This resulted in giving the splendid majority for prohibition of 12,522, and the return to power, with a tremendous majority, of the Government granting the 'plebiscite.' So strongly did our legislators feel the force of this argument, that when a memorial was moved in the 'House,' asking the Dominion Government to give the Province power to deal with the question in harmony with the expressed will of the people, only one member of the Assembly voted against the measure. The Government, however, failed to give effect to this mandate of the electorate by crystallizing this voice into law. The electors grew tired of fair promises and cordial assurance, and some very active and wide-awake temperance people showed the country what could be done under more definite organization. In the autumn of 1897, a few ardent workers decided on the plan of pledging the electors to support only men of known prohibition principles. Three days' active canvass succeeded in pledging over seventy voters, and when the result was tested at a by-election, a former majority of twenty-three was converted into a defeat of 150, and so another page of progress was turned.

This action on the part of the temperance forces presented a new line of argument which they proposed to adopt, and gave one of the existing political parties courage to place a prohibition plank in their platform. This was done, I understand, at the instance of T. E. Greenwood, Esq., and the following election was one of the greatest surprises that has ever been sprung upon a Province. I think none but ultra partisans will question the reason for this wonderful overturn. The party, elected on this platform, immediately prepared to redeem their pledge. Correspondence was entered into with officials in prohibition States, and prominent prohibitionists in the United States, and the aforesaid law firm, assisted by some of the best prohibition thought of the Province, prepared the measure known as 'The Liquor Act,' which was passed, with some amendments, by the Assembly last July. The provisions of this 'Act' are such that if it be within the scope of provincial power, and administered by an executive honestly determined to carry out its conditions, the traffic in intoxicating liquors would be stamped out in one year; but in the hands of an executive disposed to cater to the liquor party, the result may be quite different. That the 'Act' is within the powers of the Province many still believe, notwithstanding the decision recently handed down by their Lordships. The reference of the 'Act' to the Privy Council means that in any case it cannot come into force before June, 1902, and we must endure another year of license. This, however, will be preferable to a year of uncertainty.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

July 28, Sun.—The Lord is my rock; and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength in whom I will trust.

July 29, Mon.—The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.

July 30, Tues.—Thou hast given me the shield of thy salvation.

July 31, Wed.—The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Aug. 1, Thurs.—Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Aug. 2, Fri.—Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord.

Aug. 3, Sat.—We will rejoice in thy salvation.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Jacob Conner's Sympathy.

(By E. D. Bighan.)

Not long since, I was visiting in the family of an ex-Governor, and I heard him relate a story, which he gave me permission to print:—

When I was Governor, I took a little pleasure trip, going to see a special friend. His country home was near the ——— coal mines, and I made known my intention of visiting them. Of course my visit was known of even before I had arrived at my friend's home, and the very children along the wayside smiled up at me as I drove from the little depot to my friend's house.

The third morning of my stay, I went to the mines with a pleasant party of gentlemen. I was about to enter the shaft when I felt a touch upon my arm, and, turning, saw a girl about fifteen years of age. She was the only female to be seen, though a number of idle men were standing about, observing the Governor.

The girl was bareheaded, holding a limp sunbonnet in her left hand. Her shoes were much broken, and her black calico dress had been washed until it was rusty. That, and the intense paleness of her long, bony face, made the big freckles very plain. I noted these things at a glance, and then my eyes looked into her—the most beseeching eyes I ever saw outside of the head of a hungry dog pushed into the cold.

'What is it, child?' I asked, everyone looking on, waiting.

'Please, sir, let my brother go home a little while,' she said. 'The sight o' him will keep mother from dying, and we can't get along without mother.'

'Who is your brother, and where is he?' I asked, though I had guessed promptly enough that he was a criminal at work in the mines.

'His name is Nathan Peel, and he's—he's down there,' she said, pointing to the shaft.

'It's nigh about killed mother, sir,' she added. 'She would take a turn for the better and get well if she could just see him at home for a while. And Nathan didn't do what they said he did, Governor. He didn't do it.'

A light that was fierce seemed to spurt up in her eyes as she spoke, and her face became mottled with color.

'He ain't that kind,' she continued. 'But the law put him down there, and he'll work faithfully. Only let him come home this once—only let him! only let him!' she pleaded.

I remember her words well, but to tell how her voice sounded is out of my power. I know it made me feel like taking the young man in question by the shoulder and hurrying him home without a moment's delay. Instead, however, I asked the questions one in a similar position would be expected to ask. I found that the family lived fifty miles away; that the girl had walked the distance alone, having heard of my intended visit; that her father was dead, and that the mother had been in bed ever since the arrest of her son.

'You are a brave daughter and sister, my girl,' I said, 'but I cannot promise to let your brother go home. I will have a look into the matter before I can promise anything, but I will see him. When I come up I will have something more to say to you, if you are here.'

She watched me hungrily as I spoke, and by the time I had finished, every atom of spirit had died out of her face. It was the

most hopeless thing I had ever looked at, and she turned from me listlessly, saying, 'Mother said you would not let him come.'

She sat down on a block of wood, and I stepped to my place and was lowered into the mine. By and by, Nathaniel Peel was pointed out to me. He and his sister were strikingly alike. He was tall and thin, and pale and dispirited, but he was working like a beaver.

'This is the first year on a sentence of ten years for assault with intent to murder,' some one told me.

I said I thought it a light sentence.

'There seems to be certain facts on his side, despite the overwhelming circumstantial evidence,' was answered. 'For one, he never could be made to admit his guilt—never has done it.'

An impulse as strong as it was sudden moved me, and I approached the young fel-

there stood the same group of idle men. I was scarcely away from the shaft before a grizzly-haired man of fifty or sixty years confronted me. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and was evidently a poor, hard-working man.

'Governor,' he said, 'we have been talking to this young gal, and, sir, if you'll write out the papers, I'll take her brother's place and do his work while he goes home to see the sick woman. I'll jest be Nathan Peel, sir, until he comes back, an', ef he never comes back, I'll be Nathan Peel until his sentence is worked out.'

Every man had pressed closer, and there was a double row of faces, white, stern, tense, before me.

'Do you know Nathan Peel? Is he a friend of yours?' I asked the old man.

He was unconsciously breaking to bits a dry twig.



'THE FORM OF A YOUNG MAN APPEARED WALKING BRISKLY.'

low—he was barely twenty-three. He rested on his pick a moment and looked at me.

'I am told that you say you are innocent,' I remarked bluntly.

He eyed me as he wiped his brow, and evidently thought me a meddling visitor, nothing more. Then he grasped his pick and returned to work, merely saying, 'I am innocent.'

The spiritless way in which he said it reminded me of his sister's tragically hopeless words, 'Mother said you would not let him come home.' I turned aside, feeling that a cruel wrong was breaking all their hearts, and that I would become a party to the wrong if I did not do something to redress it. But what could I do?

When I got up to the light of day again, there sat the girl on the block of wood, and

'Never saw him in my life,' he said. 'Never heard of his case till to-day. But I feel main sorry for him an' his folks, an' I believe in 'em.'

So did I feel sorry for them, and so did others, doubtless. But folks have different ways of proving their sympathy with another's sorrow, and I honored that old man's way; it counted.

'Beats the Damon and Pythias tale,' I said, turning to my friends with a smile that would not be a smile despite my effort.

Their faces did not even try to smile, but looked solemn. Their eyes seemed to nudge my heart and, before I could control myself, I had said:

'Gentlemen, will you uphold me?'

'In whatever you do,' sounded on all sides.

'Then let us hear what Nathan Peel has

to say," I commented, beginning to write an order on a page of my note-book.

One of my friends took it, and, in a little while, Nathan stood among us. His sister, quivering, had met him at the mouth of the shaft, her face looked like a dozen deep emotions blended into one. She remained at his side, silent. I stated the case in the plainest of terms, pointing out the old man to Nathan. The young fellow was naturally amazed, and gave the old man a critical survey, but as he turned back to me, I thought I caught the shine of water in his eyes.

"If you will allow me to go home, I will come back when you say," was all he said, and he looked me full in the eyes.

I would have taken his word without witness or hostage, but I held to the terms. I wrote out the agreement, which he and the old man signed. Then I wrote his leave of absence for two days. He received the letter with a hand that was shaking, and in quick succession he grasped my hand and that of the old man.

"Day after to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, I will be here," he said, looking an unutterable something into the eyes of his friend.

"I ain't a-doubting that, son," was the hearty response.

Then we all stood bareheaded near the shaft and watched the gray-haired hero go down to his noble task, his permit in hand. I dream about that sight to this very day; it puts me close to the God-like in man, and close to God.

Nathan and his sister went home on the train, and he had enough money to buy his return ticket.

A little after train-time the next day but one, my party and I stood near the shaft of the mine, and close by were gathered a crowd of men, women, boys, girls, and babies, never before so far from their cradles. Everyone watched the road that led from the railway station, and few were the words spoken by anyone. By and by, I kept my watch open, and it seemed that the minute hand was caught so that it could not move. Then suddenly, a-top the rise of ground in front of us, the form of a young man appeared, walking briskly. It was Nathan Peel. The rough-coated crowd looking on sent up a yell, and women joined in it, the young man coming steadily on. Then the air was split with three cheers for him, closely followed with three cheers for the old man down in the mine, and three for the Governor. They screamed themselves hoarse and so did my party, and so did I. Some say I lost my head and cheered the Governor as lustily as I cheered the others. We had a good time, anyway.

I ordered the old man up, and he and Nathan gripped hands and looked deep into each other's eyes.

"How is your ma?" he asked.

"A great deal better—left her sitting at the window," the young fellow answered.

"And the sister—how is she?"

"Just as brave as ever, and well."

"That's good, that's very good," the old man said, thrusting his hands in his pockets. "It's pretty tough work you have to do down yonder, my boy; but there comes a night o' rest after every work-day, and time will pass; bound to do it. And now I am going to set to work to see about this here 'innercent' business. You must not—had no friends in your trouble, did you, son?"

The young man shook his head, looking unblinkingly off at the sunny landscape. The kind words had found a tender place in his heart.

"Well, you got one now," said the old man. "And when Jacob Conners sets out to be a friend, he's a hustler. You just be a man, and the fust thing you know you'll be alongside the home folks for good and all. Jacob Conner ain't never yet pinned his faith to a horse that wouldn't go."

His coal-blackened hand was on Nathan's shoulder, and his voice was the heartiest I ever heard. Afterward I had a talk with the old man, and we separated very good friends. In less than five weeks he had the 'innercent' business sifted to the last handful of dust. With his vigorous help justice put her fair hands on the real wrongdoer, and Jacob Conner went back to the mines with Nathan Peel's release in his keeping.

I would have paid a good price to have seen Nathan and the old man meet each other, but I could not leave home at that time. I have seen both of them since, however, and I believe the whole family would attempt to go to the crater of an active volcano in order to serve Jacob Conner.—*Zion's Herald.*

Saved to the Uttermost

A POSITIVE PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

(*'Ram's Horn.'*)

"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."—*John ix., 25.*

I was born in 1854, in Dutchess county, New York. My father was a respectable, highly moral man; my mother, a consistent Christian, rejoicing to-day in the knowledge that her wayward, prodigal son is saved for all eternity. I grew up a fairly good boy, and at the age of seventeen left home and secured work with a railway company at bridge-construction. In a short time I secured a situation as clerk in a store in Brooklyn, which soon developed into the position of travelling salesman, which I held for about thirteen years.

In my travels from city to city, and from town to town, I slowly but surely became a slave to the habit of drink. The firm paid my travelling expenses (including my drink bill incurred mostly through entertaining and treating my customers) and as my salary was a very liberal one I managed to put by quite a sum of money, as I aspired to some day enter business for myself.

At first I managed to drink moderately, but there came a time when in spite of myself it seemed, I found myself no longer the master but the slave. My employers remonstrated with me, and I promised and resolved to do better, but instead I became worse, so that they were compelled to discharge me.

With my savings and some backing from influential business friends, I started a wholesale business in blank books, stationery, etc., in Philadelphia, and having a thorough knowledge of the trade and considerable business ability, I was, for a short while, fairly successful, but from first to last it was a continuous daily fight with my appetite for drink and in the end I was beaten. My business career lasted about two and one-half years. Then for a few years I went on fighting and struggling, steadily going down lower in my own estimation and losing the good opinions and respect of my friends. Position after position was obtained by me, but I could not hold them. My condition became very pitiable. Constant dissipation resulted in partial paralysis or 'locomotor ataxia' of one side, while my eyesight was so sadly

impaired that I was nearly blind. Doctors whom I consulted, emphatically declared I must quit drinking or become totally blind.

On the 18th of March, 1893, through the advice of friends, I entered Franklin Sanitarium, Philadelphia, and at the end of three weeks was discharged believing myself cured of the habit. My cure lasted about five weeks, and then after a protracted spree I was taken back to the sanitarium for another treatment and cure which lasted only until I could get around to the nearest saloon on Race street. Oh, how I loathe the thought of my horrible slavery and sin, and only tell of it that men may praise and magnify my God and Saviour who has lifted me up into freedom.

Then I drifted westward. I came to Chicago during the late summer of the World's Fair. I made some money, but squandered it as fast as made. My home was a cheap lodging-house, and I frequented the lowest dives; a lost, a hopeless almost blind wretch.

On the evening of July 3, 1895, in a stupid, drunken condition, I staggered into the Pacific Garden Mission on East VanBuren street. I have no knowledge or remembrance of how or why I entered. My first consciousness of my surroundings was brought about by a song sung by a young girl, which strangely moved me. I do not remember the details, but I know that some one induced me to go to the front, and I staggered forward, falling over a chair in my drunken helplessness, on the way. Throwing myself down on my knees among a group of others, some nearly as wretched as myself, in my extremity I cried unto my mother's God, and, in spite of the power of Satan and the accursed drink that held my body and brain, he heard and delivered me. How do I know that he did?

I left the Mission shortly afterwards, SOBER. I went across the street to the 'Vestibule' lodging house and upstairs to the dark closet of a room, and there I knelt again and poured out my heart in thankfulness and praise to God. I pleaded with him for one night's restful sleep, for I dreaded the usual restless turning from side to side on my miserable cot that had been my portion for so long. I went to bed feeling that my prayer was answered, and I slept peacefully and calmly as a child until eight o'clock the next morning. This, to me, was an undoubted miracle.

The Fourth of July came on Saturday, and I knew there was no hope of getting work that day. My room-rent was paid for that night, but I had no money, and on Sunday morning I began to feel hungry and weak, but very hopeful. I attended the convert's meeting at the Mission that morning, and Mr. Harry Monroe, learning of my need provided my dinner and my lodging that night. I got up on Monday morning expecting great things of the Lord, and he, as usual, gave me more than I hoped for.

I went hither and thither that morning looking for a job of work, but found none. Near noon, as I sat resting myself with other men in the public room of the lodging house, a man came in and said that he had work for two men. Three men—I was the third—offered themselves. He explained that the work was carrying a banner—a painted advertising sign—up and down the business streets of the city, the pay to be one dollar a day. One man accepted the terms, the other declined. Then the employer turned to me:

"Do you want the job?" he asked, smiling.

ing kindly at me. It was Tommy Mackey, but I did not know him then.

For a moment I stood undecided. The new life within me said: 'Here's your chance, you want work; you prayed for work, and here it is. Take this, and better will come further on.'

'But I can't stand the shame of it! Everybody passing by will jeer at me. A man of my ability!'

'You stood the shame and the jeering in the old drunken life, and your boasted ability brought you into the gutter. The power of Christ can sustain you.'

These thoughts flashed through me as Tom Mackey stood waiting. 'It isn't a very pleasant job,' said he, 'but it's honest, and you'll get your dollar every night.'

'I'll take it,' said I, 'but I've eaten but one meal since Friday, and I feel too weak to walk all the afternoon.'

'Oh, I'll fix that all right, my brother,' said Tom, and we went into the nearest restaurant.

I carried the sign that afternoon and for five weeks afterwards. I walked up and down State street, reading and committing to memory precious verses out of a small Testament given me by Mrs. Clark. Women in search of bargains, passed by me in crowds. Throngs of people rushed along the busy street, intent on pleasure or business, but I, joyful in the new freedom and absorbed in the messages found in that little book, plodded backward and forward, contented with the new happiness that possessed me.

This was a little more than two and a half years ago, and oh, that I had the ability to tell a little of the blessings my Saviour hath brought into my life. He hath possessed me with a peace that is abiding; he has given me the respect; the friendship, and the love of many. My health and my eyesight are completely restored, and, whereas the service of sin had brought me so low that I was homeless and penniless; to-day, by his grace, I have a flourishing business of my own that earns me enough to keep in comfort the family he has given me, and have something left to help others less fortunate. 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!'—'They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distress.' To-day I am what I am because of the saving and keeping power of God. My prayer is that the Holy Ghost will effectually use this testimony of mine to his glory and the salvation of some sin-stricken, suffering soul.—Robert A. Feroe.

A Thrilling Episode.

(By Bishop Fosa.)

While convalescent after a recent illness I decided under medical advice, to spend a little time in Florida for rest and recuperation. So on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 12, I set sail from New York, accompanied by my wife, on the steamship 'Comanche,' the newest and finest vessel of the Clyde Line.

The weather was bright and cold, and we had no snow or rain. The stars shone all night, and the moon in the early morning, and the sun all day for three days of the voyage. The trip down the bay from New York and for two hours after we passed Sandy Hook was very pleasant; then when we got further off the coast the strong westerly wind raised a heavy sea, and all through the night the vessel tossed so se-

verely that I hardly slept at all. Utterly wearied out I got a little sleep about three o'clock.

At 3.45 a call sounded down the passageway, 'All up, all up!' As soon as we opened the door there came in a strong smell of smoke, and we quickly learned that the vessel was on fire. Several ladies stood in their stateroom doors calling for help and asking for matches to get a light. There was very little light in the halls, and none in the rooms. Feeling around in the almost total darkness, we managed to get fully dressed in a few minutes, and one of the stewards helped us fasten on life-preservers.

By this time the smoke was very much increased, water was running down the stairs, and as we glanced out of the windows we saw the lurid light of the flames flashing on the waves. In a few minutes we were all hurried forward to the front passageway to escape the smoke and water. There we were huddled together, lying on the floor, some calling for help, some praying aloud, all wondering if we would be compelled to try to get from the ice-covered decks into lifeboats, which probably could not live in the terrific sea.

It was more than an hour before the flames were subdued; and when in the afternoon we looked into several of the nine staterooms that were partly burned out, and into the great hatchway above the engines, from which the woodwork was entirely burned out, we realized what the captain meant by telling us that, having been fifty-four years on the sea, he had had that day escaped the greatest peril of his life. He also said that if we had been obliged to take to the boats, with the water freezing wherever it struck and the wind blowing forty-five miles an hour straight off the coast, it was doubtful whether a single life would have been saved.

When at length we were positively assured that the flames were actually put out, and that we were all safe, many a heart exclaimed, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name!'

When the fire broke out several of the passengers had to be hurried and almost dragged out of their rooms in their night clothes, one lady with a little child being in that condition. There was no confusion, no panic, no general outcry, but a silence more terrible by far. The great hose pipes at first would not work, because the water froze in the nozzles; but the nozzles were instantly chopped off, and the utmost power of steam-pumps applied to four great pipes, while swift-flying axes chopped through the woodwork here and there to find the flames amid the dense and stifling smoke.

The captain of the vessel, L. W. Pennington, is a positively religious man, converted in Dr. Talmage's church when he was forty-eight years of age—almost as startlingly as Saul of Tarsus was. He talks about personal religion with great intelligence, as freely and familiarly as most men talk about the weather, and holds on his ship every Sunday evangelistic meetings, in which many persons have been converted. When he came to the table for the first time after the fire I congratulated him on the great peril he had escaped; he instantly said, 'There is a higher power; we owe our preservation to God.'

In the evening of the day of our great peril and deliverance we held a special thanksgiving service, at which, it seemed to me, every passenger must have been present. It fell to my lot to preside. We sang five or six hymns, including those beginning,

'Come, Thou Almighty King.' 'Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.' Prayers were offered, the Scriptures were very largely read, especially the Psalms, and it was wonderful to find the needs of that hour.

Four brief addresses were made, the most touching and impressive of them being that of the godly captain. I quoted and dwelt a little upon Isaiah's words, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.'

I think all present would agree that it was the most impressive religious service they had ever attended. God had spoken by his mighty providence; and we were trying simply to listen again to his voice as he spoke again out of his most holy Word. The three ministers and two laymen who took part in the service represented five different denominations of Christians—Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic and Methodist.

As I lay in my berth resting a few hours later the sun was shining across the still raging sea, and the spray that crested every wave dashed past my window flashed into a rainbow, which said to me like a voice, 'God is here, and God is love.'

No words could overstate the grateful sense expressed by the resolutions adopted in the passengers' meeting the next morning of the admirable discipline, the perfect courtesy, and the omnipresent helpfulness of the officers and attendants; and I feel sure that for many a day a prayer will ascend for Captain Pennington and his officers and crew. The deepest feeling of all hearts, however, found expression in the preamble to the resolutions adopted: 'We are profoundly conscious that the power and mercy of God have preserved our lives from the imminent perils of fire and flood which for two hours threatened our destruction.—'Christian Advocate.'

'His Presence.

(Psa. xvi., 10.)

May the light of the future now dawning,
May the happiness, morning by morning,
Be—'His Presence.'

May the hope of all hopes that elate thee,
May the gladness of all that awaits thee,
Find their fulness of joy in 'His Presence.'

May thy comfort in sadness and sorrow,
May thy calm and thy trust for the morrow,
Be—'His Presence.'

May thy strength for each difficult duty,
And the power for a life full of beauty,
Find their all-that-they-need in 'His Presence.'

May thy rest in the hour of weakness,
And thy grace for a Christ-life of meekness,
Be—'His Presence.'

May thy nerve in the hour of trial,
And thy courage in times of denial,
Be the realized sense of 'His Presence.'

May thy acme of life and ideal
May thy joy, of all others most real,
Be—'His Presence.'

And to crown each pure aim and endeavor,
May'st thou know in the perfect forever,
There is 'fulness of joy in 'His Presence.'

—G. H. Leader.

Railroading by Water.

('Argentine Republic.')

Last week the writer met an old-time railway friend in Kansas City, Mo., who resembled the ghost of a departed time, for he was believed to be dead for the past twenty-five years.

I had heard that he was dead, and the last time I met him in a distant State he was on a sharp curve at the foot of a long down grade, a spring-hanger gone, eccentric slipped and no water in the tank. In railway parlance, he was a total wreck cut loose at both ends; or, in other words, he was being taken to the lock-up by two policemen while suffering with the delirium tremens. So the reader can readily imagine my surprise on meeting him face to face at the Junction in Kansas City. He was elegantly dressed in tailor-made clothes, cleanly shaven, the old lines of dissipation faded from his handsome weather-beaten face, and reason shining from behind his bright soulful eyes. Seeing how greatly I was surprised, he smilingly remarked:

'You are only mistaken a little bit. I am "Robert Benjamin, general roadmaster of the P. D. and Q. Railway," and you are thinking of "Bob Benjamin, the old toper," who died in Lafayette, Ind., a long time ago. Come up to the Centropolis and take dinner with me, and I will tell you all about my death and resurrection.'

After dinner, he immediately led me to his room, when I remarked:

'No preliminaries, now; but pull the throttle wide open, for I'm dying to know all about your reformation and how it happens you are not dead.'

'Well, the reason that I am not dead is due entirely to a merciful God and my determination to reform, for as you know, I have sounded the lowest base string of humility. Several evenings after you saw me suffering with the tremens the last time, I was sitting in a Main street saloon and imagined I was dying for a drink of rum. The proprietor arose to close up for the night, and as I staggered for the door, he remarked to a wealthy patron who had not yet hit the rocky road:

"There goes a poor drunken fool who will be dead inside of two months."

'Drunk as I was, those cruel words stung me like a lash as I staggered out along the street. I knew the saloon man was telling the truth, and that in my present condition it would be impossible for me to live a month. I bared my fevered brow to the cool night air, and the bright old silver moon never shone more beautiful. Yes, I was a poor drunken fool! The saloon-keeper had told the truth, but at that moment I would have bartered my immortal soul for one drink and let the Lethean waters engulf me forever. I had sat down on the curbstone to try and think, but arose and gazed longingly into a saloon window at the bottles of red liquor ranged along the shelves, while I, "a poor drunken fool," was dying on the streets for one drink. I wanted to curse God and die!

'My intense suffering partially sobered me and I began to wonder why I had suffered through all those misspent years. "Must I continue to suffer on, and what would become of mother if I were dead?" I knew she would go broken-hearted to a pauper's grave "over the hill to the poor-house." "Never while God lives," I wailed to the night winds as I went reeling home to my angel mother and found her "waiting and watching for me."

'The moment I entered our little dwelling,

called home, she arose up in bed saying so kindly:

"Is that you, Robert?"

"Yes, mother, it is your poor drunken boy; but I have drank my last glass, mother—I have drank my last glass."

'Mother believed I was telling the truth, and was out of bed in a moment and putting the old battered coffee pot on the stove, saying:—

"I will make you a cup of good hot coffee, and I know you will feel better."

'Oh, woman! woman! The world may print volumes on the heroes of San Juan hill, but they should forever remain silent in thy presence! Thou goest to battle daily—not at the roll of the stirring drum and the trumpet that sings of fame—but she fights to the last gasp for her darling boy, and dies unwept, unhonored and unsung. Out in the farthest nook and corner of the old graveyard, where the sexton never stops, and the tall, lank grass waves in the wildest profusion, she sleeps well, for rum has done

years, but cursed rum had not only robbed me of manhood, but made me the veriest coward on earth. I was waiting to see the roadmaster of the P. D. & Q. Railway, who was expected in that morning on the pay car, and when it rolled into the depot I would surely have run away without speaking to him, but I happened to think of mother. I braced up and spoke to him; told him I was flat broke and out of a job, but would serve him faithfully and that I had no reputation to make as a railway man. He was an old-time Irishman and I imagined he was a regular old chaw, but God bless his old heart, he was a first-class trackman and proved the best friend I ever had. He spoke kindly to me, said he needed a foreman and would give me a trial the next day when he had time to take me out on the road. The next morning proved the test of my life. The old man appeared on the platform a few minutes before the train was due to leave and said:

"This is a terrible cold morning, let's



"THERE GOES A POOR DRUNKEN FOOL WHO WILL BE DEAD INSIDE OF TWO MONTHS."

its worst. She bathed my burning brow the same as when I was a child, and eagerly inquired:

"Have you really quit, Robert?"

'Yes, mother; God helping me, be my time here on earth long or short I will never touch, taste nor handle the cursed stuff again!'

'She was on her knees all night and God hearkened. I have never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor from that hour, but the most critical point in my career was yet to come.

'One cold winter day in January, some three months after I had stopped drinking, I found myself at the Union Depot in Kansas City looking for a job. The world never looked darker to me than it did that day. I was cold and hungry, tramping around in the snow on the platform with seventy-five cents in my pocket and a linen duster for an overcoat. I was a first-class railway trackman and had been a foreman for many

step across Union avenue to the Blossom House and take something to keep us warm."

"Please excuse me, Mr. C—, I don't care for anything; you step across and get your drink and I will stay right here until you return," I replied.

"What's the matter with you this cold morning; come on and have something; you are not a Prohibitionist, are you?"

'I saw I was in for it and blurted out:

"Mr. C—I am as near a Prohibitionist as anything you could mention. I have drunk more liquor than ever you have, but I can't drink and be a man. As I told you before, I have no reputation to make as a railway man, but if you give me a section to-day I will surely run it by water."

'The old man didn't like it and said I must be a funny railway man to refuse a drink on a day like this, and we boarded the train as she was pulling out. We dropped off at a little station some thirty miles from Kansas City when the old man show-

ed me around and gave me a section. The old man left on the next train, when I called the men up to the hand-car and said:

"Men, I have been given charge of this section by Mr. C—and I propose to run it by water. I am called a good trackman, but if you can't work without drinking liquor you had better quit now, for I won't work a drunken gang of men."

The men stood around talking the matter over for a few moments, when one approached and said:

"It's pretty tough, boss, but we will try it and do the best we can."

"That's all right," I replied, "we are sure to win."

The road was new; we were putting in rock ballast and I don't believe there was a man in old Missouri could show me. I never left my men for an hour and in the course of three months the old man began to come around quite frequently and notice my work and remarked to the men one day:—

"That prohibitionist is the best trackman on the road."

The men soon became reconciled to doing without their whiskey and worked like Trojans. They liked my style of putting up track, for I understood my business and didn't have them lifting against themselves from morning till night. I had been putting in ballast for a year, when one morning the old man came rolling out from the city on a hand car and calling me to one side, inquired:

"Benjamin, did you ever run a yard?"

"Yes, sir; I run a large yard for several years."

"Well, I may have to send you to Kansas City. It is the best job I've got, pays \$75 per month and my brother-in-law is running it at the present time, but I will have to let him go or eventually lose my job. He is drunk half the time and I can't trust him. There are older men on the road who are entitled to this job, but you are the only foreman on the road who doesn't drink, and that yard must be run by water. There is a bad wreck down there now and half the men are laying off drunk. Get on the car with me and come right in and look it over and see what you can do for my job is in danger."

The men gathered around the old man and said:—

"Mr. C—, if Bob goes we'd like to go along; we've become used to his way of working and we don't believe he can get along without us."

The old man looked away across the big Muddy for a moment then turning to the men he said:

"You poor old ex-whiskey soaks, I don't blame you. Mr. Benjamin has made men out of you and I will let you all come in just as soon as he gets things running by water."

The men gave a cheer and grabbed up their No. 2 Ames shovels. I couldn't tell you in a week how I worked and suffered for the first year to redeem that yard. At the end of two years it was in first-class condition and most of the men were strictly temperate. Some ten years ago the old man went out with a work train one morning to pick up a wreck some thirty miles from the city and through the misunderstanding of orders on account of a drunken operator, the work train met the fast freight on a high culver. Some three or four of the work train men were killed and the old man was found under the tank bruised and bleeding internally. I arrived at the wreck ten minutes before the old man died. He was

propped up with caboose cushions and could scarcely articulate but he knew me and whispered:

"Benjamin, old man, I'm done for: this train was run by rum!"

Three hours later I received a despatch calling me to the general offices in Kansas City where the superintendent handed me the following letter:

"To all whom it may concern:

"Mr. Robert Benjamin has been appointed roadmaster of the Third Division of the P. D. and Q. Railway, to take effect immediately. His orders must be obeyed accordingly."

"O. J. C.

"General Superintendent P. D. and Q. Railway, Kansas City, Mo."

"I've been roadmaster now for ten long years, mother has grown to be quite a little girl again, and I continue to run my division by water."

His eyes were swimming in tears, and as he arose to go he gave me a kindly smile, saying, "We never miss the water till the well runs dry."

Timidity.

Bashfulness or timidity in society or in public is usually due to a consciousness that one is in constant danger of making some slip, of doing or saying the wrong thing, or of failing to do or say the right thing, and this sense of being unequal to the occasion whatever it may be, is rendered acute by the impression that one is the centre of observation. One feels as if everybody was looking at him and thinking only of him. This is a very absurd idea, for, in fact, other people have something else to think about. Most of them are too much occupied with themselves to have much thought to spare for others, and it is only when we attract attention by some palpable manifestation of our self-consciousness that they take any notice of us at all.

An individual who is greatly troubled with self-consciousness in surroundings in which he feels himself out of his element, may nevertheless be quite free from that affliction whenever he feels himself master of the situation. We have known a man who was helplessly diffident at a formal evening party, and yet felt perfectly at home on a public platform, simply because in the one case he did not know what to say or do, and in the other he did—or, at all events, thought he did, which amounts to the same thing as far as its effects on bashfulness are concerned.

The only way to get rid of the idea that everybody is looking at you and thinking about you is to stop thinking about yourself. And the only way to overcome that habit is to find some better employment for your thoughts. Ask the Lord to help you to deny self in your own thoughts. Ask him to fill you with helpful, inspiring, loving thoughts that will crowd out the thoughts of self.

Read the Bible more. Study history, philosophy, science—anything and everything that is helpful in itself, and that will help to keep your mind from occupying itself with self-centred thoughts. In society, watch only for opportunities to be helpful to others. Look out for some one else that seems bashful, and try to make that person feel at home. If you make any slips, laugh at them. There is nothing discreditable about a slip.—New York 'Weekly Witness.'

The Conversion of Children.

Some parents are always interposing objections when their children want to come to Christ. 'They are too young to understand,' 'Better to put it off for a few years,' etc., etc. Let such thoughtfully consider the following from Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of the Baptist Church: 'I believe in the conversion of children. I believe that upon them—and likeliest upon them—that birth from above may fall. I believe that quickest of all the little child will adjust itself to this demand of the Lord Jesus for new birth. More than that, I believe that so easily may a little child be moulded, so facile is a little child to a rightly directing touch, that a child may even unconsciously meet this demand of the Lord Jesus, and, almost from earliest consciousness, yielding its childhood to Christ as Lord and Master, grow up in Christ. Rightly asks another, "What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign to show him that you do not expect him truly to live and obey God until he has spent whole years in hatred and wrong?" Nay, seek to turn the child Godward at the earliest moment, and so forestall and prevent the years of inundating wrong.'—'Lutheran Observer.'

Washington and the Corporal

During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to some timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in regular vociferations of 'Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!' An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, 'Sir, I am a corporal!' 'You are—are you?' replied the officer, 'I was not aware of that;' and taking off his hat and bowing, 'I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal.' Upon this he dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when finished, turning to the commander, he said, 'Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time.' The corporal was thunder-struck! It was Washington.

Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

(Gal. vi., 2.)

Bear ye one another's burdens,
Ease the load of grief and care,
Live in deeds that brighten others,
Ye will find His spirit there.

Bear ye one another's burdens;
Lay your differences aside,
'Tis the wish of Christ, your Saviour,
Who for ye, hath bled and died.

Bear ye one another's burdens,
Every sorrow, every woe;
Make each other happier, better,
Purer,—everywhere ye go.

Bear ye one another's burdens,
Help each other to be good;
So fulfil what Christ has wished,
Universal brotherhood.

ROBERT PICKERING.

Riceville, Ont.



How Tommy Began To Be a Hero.

(*'The Child's Companion.'*)

The children sat round a glowing fire one snowy winter eve, while mother told them tales. The little folks had been busy with their toys, and now gathered around on stools and floor, gazing with dreamy eyes into the heart of the glowing red fire.

The tales were about a great good man. Some funny, some sad, some so grand that Tommy, quite fired, said firmly—

'Mother, I'll be a hero some day.'
'Very well, dear.'

'Master Tommy's bed-time,' broke in nurse, appearing at the door. Off he went, but shortly after rose angry voices and scufflings. Back came nurse with a red face and—

'If you please, ma'am, Master Tom is carrying on ever so over that medicine—he won't take it.'

Up got mother and away she went to find, true enough, quite another little boy, with such a cross, red face and eyes full of tears.

'It's such nasty, horrid stuff,' he whimpered. 'I can't take it, and I won't!'

'Then you'll never be a hero, Tommy,' said mother quietly.

'Oh, yes I will!'—quickly.

'But heroes always do what they are told is right, no matter how hard it is.'

'But, mother,' he said, 'I don't want to do silly little things like this! I mean to do'—proudly—'big ones like that man.'

'Yes, Tommy, but those big ones grew out of little things. You must first be a little hero in little things, then it will follow you'll be a bigger one in the bigger things.'

It seemed a jump from the big deeds to such as taking bitter medicine, but since he meant to be a hero, down it went.

A Penny.

'Where are you going, Mab?' Stop a minute,' cried Nettie Ford, tapping vigorously on the pane and flinging the window up.

Mabel turned to look at the flaxen head that was thrust out.

'Why, to the school-room to hear about Madagascar and all the heathen Chinese,' answered she with a merry smile, 'Aren't you coming?'

'Will the lady missionary be there?' asked Nettie.

'Yes; and Rose Morley says she has brought such a number of curiosities down with her. You're coming, of course!'

'I should like to, but—'

'But what?' interrupted Mabel. 'Make haste; I'm not going to be late. I want to see, and I don't mean to sit at the back.'

'I can't very well come,' said Nettie, hesitating; 'I haven't any money.'

'That won't matter. What's a penny?'

'If twelve people said that, it would make a shilling less in the plate,' returned Nettie practically.

'Well, please yourself; I shan't wait,' said Mabel, and she ran off.

Nettie stood fingering the tassel of the blind.

'A penny isn't much,' she mused. 'I do want to see those things; but it looks so mean not to put anything in the plate. I wish I had a penny.'

Then she ran upstairs, put on her hat and cloak, and taking her gloves in her hand, ran out.

She could just see Mabel far down the road.

'I'll put my next penny in the missionary box,' she said to herself, 'After all, what does it matter what the others think?'

Nettie and her brothers were all allowed a penny per week for pocket-money, and Nettie generally spent hers in sweets and cakes.

Now and again she put a half-penny or, if she could get one, a farthing, into the missionary-box when it was handed round, but this was a special appeal for funds. She had heard her father saying that a hundred more missionaries were wanted, if only enough money could be raised to send them out.

'One penny won't make much difference,' she said to herself for the twentieth time, as she came breathlessly up to the school-room door; but as she said it she heard her own answer to Mabel not many minutes before—

'Twelve pennies make a shilling.'

She paused outside listening to the buzz of the young people taking their places.

'I want to see the things, but I don't quite like to go in,' she thought.

She had stepped on the mat and was insensibly getting nearer to the door, when it opened and the superintendent beckoned her in.

'Come along,' he said. 'You're rather late, but I'll find you a place.' And in a minute more Nettie was sitting right up at the front, where she could both see and be seen by everybody.

The lady who was to speak was just standing up, and before Nettie had time to wonder what she should do when the plate came round, she was listening with both ears.

Then there were things the lady had brought — curious little baskets, caps, spoons, native dresses and charms, and, above all, the beautiful needlework done in the native schools by girls and women, and pictures of those who had done them, who, but for the noble men and women who had left home and friends to tell them of the redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ, would still have been in heathen darkness.

'I might spare them my penny every week,' thought Nettie. 'Chocolate creams are very nice, but I could do without them. I won't buy another one till there's enough money collected, to send out the hundred more missionaries who are wanted. And I'll try to persuade some of the other girls to do the same. If everybody will give a

penny we shall soon get the money.' — Harriet E. Burch, in English Paper.

David's Summer In The Country.

David is a little boy nine years old who had never been as strong as he might be. He always loves to go to his grandmother's in the country, and last summer he had his wish gratified more fully than ever before, as he spent the whole vacation. At grandma's he found the people, and Nell, his favorite horse, all glad to see him again. They haven't any little boy at grandma's when David isn't there, and so he was installed as errand boy immediately. He had to bring grandma, who is an invalid, drinks of water from the spring, had to hunt her spectacles when they got lost, bring her fresh apples from the orchard, and so forth. For Aunt Catharine and Sophia he brought the cows; and for Uncle Jim he carried water to the fields, rode the horses to water, and all such things. Not everybody realizes that the boy is often the busiest person on the farm and they can yet find time to grow.

During the summer David learned how to put the halter on Nell and how the harness is put on a horse. He soon got able to hitch up his side when the horse was put in the shafts of the carriage, and became so expert that his side was generally finished first. He learned how to plough, to 'roll,' to make hay, to harvest with a binder, to 'haul in,' and he saw the threshing done. David and his grandmother had been away to the nearest town and knew the threshers were coming. Just before they came he went up to the top of the nearest hill to watch for them. The chief thresher said, when David saw them coming, the traction engine ahead, he jumped two feet straight up in the air like an Indian and ran to give the news. But the thresher went on to say: 'That isn't very strange: I know of some men who get excited when the threshers come.' For you must know that threshing day is the great day of the year to the farmer. When David carried water to the threshers he carried a big pail nearly full at double-quick. His father knows of his taking much more time when he had a much lighter load on other

occasions. But who does not know that circumstances alter cases!

When he is at home, being of an impulsive nature, David hears a good many 'don'ts.' It is 'don't do this, David,' and 'don't do that.' At his grandmother's he heard very few of them. Even when, like General Grant as a boy, he hung to the horses' tails, nobody said 'stop that.' I wonder whether there might be other children who hear too many 'don'ts.' At any rate, in David's case it was a good thing. he had a rest for a while.

Can David drive Nell? Of course he can. One trouble, however, of his driving is that he is often tempted to drive like Jehu. On such occasions, his grandmother, instead of saying 'don't,' uses diplomacy. She said: 'David, won't you drive slower. We can't see the corn when we go so fast.' Or, 'if you drive so fast we will get home so much the sooner, and then our drive will be over.' David appreciated such reasons.

Sunday mornings David went to church in town with his mamma. But Sunday evenings he attended church in the schoolhouse. It was at one of these Sunday evening services that the boy listened as if the sermon was meant for him. Was it the sermon or the place? At any rate before he had harbored the view that sermons are not intended for boys to listen to. Was he right or wrong?

When David went back to his home in a distant state he went stronger than he had been for a long time. Perhaps the best commentary on his vacation was that of his teacher, who said: 'What has happened to the boy? He seems so different from what he was before. He appears so happy; why he is even radiant.'

David summed up an account of his vacation to two or three friends by saying: 'It was a picnic.'—*The Herald and Presbyterian.*

How many leaves there are on the great trees around us! Could you count those in the maple by your house? Try some day. But listen. There are three parts to each leaf. Take one and look at it as I tell you. First, the Blade, the flattened green part. Next, the Petiole, the stem. And lastly, the Stipules, the small leaves at the bottom of the stem. Is there anybody in your house who thinks a leaf has only one part?—*May-flower.*



LESSON V.—AUGUST 4.

Abraham and Lot.

Genesis xlii., 1-8. Memory verses, 7-9.
Read Psalm cxxxiii.

Golden Text.

'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'—Matthew vii., 12.

Lesson Text.

(7) And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle; and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land. (8) And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. (9) Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left. (10) And Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar. (11) Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and Lot journeyed east: and they separated themselves the one from the other. (12) Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. (13) But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly. (14) And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: (15) For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever. (16) And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. (17) Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee. (18) Then Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord.

Suggestions.

It was a good day for Abraham when he left the land of Egypt. Although God had saved him out of trouble there and allowed him to grow rich and prosperous, still he was in constant danger of forgetting God and losing sight of his promises and of God's plan for his life. Prosperity is to most souls a far greater danger than the temptations of poverty. We may well pray the prayer of Agur—

Give me neither poverty nor riches;
Feed me with food convenient for me:
Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say,
Who is the Lord?
Or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the
name of my God in vain.

—Prov. xxx., 8, 9.

The path of prosperity is full of insidious temptations to worldliness. Only too often the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word of God which has been sown in the heart, (Matt. xiii., 22). And the soul is lulled to sleep by the temporal comforts just as a child may be made unconscious by soothing-syrups. As long as Abraham was in Egypt he was in great spiritual danger. In all Scriptural references Egypt represents worldliness. When Abraham left Egypt to go back to Canaan he was turning his back on worldly friendships for the sake of companionship with, and obedience to, God. (Jas. iv., 4.) And he became known as the friend of God.

Abraham went back to Beth-el (which means the house of God), where he had before built an altar to worship Jehovah, the one true God. How glad Abraham must

have been to get back to the place of worship! His household had greatly increased, also his herds and flocks. His nephew Lot, who had thus far accompanied him, was also rich in flocks and herds and slaves. There was not room in the fields round Beth-el for all the cattle to graze, so the herdsmen used to quarrel a good deal amongst themselves as to who should have the best places. The strife grew so great amongst the servants, that Abraham and Lot could not ignore it. But instead of being angry, Abraham, with large-hearted kindness, insisted that there should be an end of strife, and offered Lot his choice of the surrounding country, saying that he would take whatever was left.

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.' (Matt. v., 9, 5.) The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. (Ps. xxiv., 1-5.) These blessings were fulfilled in Abraham's life, for as a peacemaker he was known as a friend of God, and for his meekness and kindness God gave him a great land for inheritance. It pays to obey God. The only satisfaction in this life comes to those who walk close to the Saviour.

LOT'S CHOICE.

Lot's choice was selfish. He should have been generous toward his uncle instead of greedily taking the best for himself. His uncle's noble example had no effect upon him. He forgot gratitude and modesty. This selfishness was the root of all his later troubles. 'Self-centred policy is always short-sighted policy,' says Robert Tuck. 'It involves self-delusion,' 'seeing everything through colored glass.'

The choice was made in the wrong spirit; for worldly advantage, without regard to spiritual things. His spiritual life, the character and religious welfare of his family were left out of view, as he dreamed of wealth and greatness.

By this choice he left the company of God's people, lost the influence of their daily lives, the atmosphere of love and piety. He left the line of promise, and cut himself off from direct participation in the special inheritance of Abraham.

He went into the company of sinners. He chose it voluntarily. One is safe with wicked men so long as he is endeavoring to make them good, but is never safe when he chooses their company. Compare Daniel in the court of Nebuchadnezzar, Joseph in the court of Pharaoh, missionaries in any heathen land. 'We fancy, perhaps, that to refuse the companionship of any class of men is pharisaic. . . . This is the mere cant of liberalism. We do not condemn persons who suffer from smallpox, but a smallpox hospital would be about the last place we should choose for a residence. Or possibly we imagine we shall be able to carry some better influences into the society we enter. A vain imagination; the motive for choosing the society has already sapped our power for good.'—Prof. Marcus Dods.

Illustration.—We are like ships, which are safe in the ocean so long as the ocean is not in them. Christians are safe enough in the world of temptation if the world is not in them.

Scriptural Sayings Illustrated in Lot.—Not to keep company with an idolater, railer, etc. (I. Cor. v., 9-11; II. Thess. iii., 6, 14, 15). 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' (I. Cor. xv., 33). 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,' (Ps. i., 1). 'If sinners entice . . . walk not thou in the way with them,' (Prov. i., 10-16). 'Enter not the path of the wicked,' Prov. iv., 14; xxii., 24, 25). 'A companion of fools shall be destroyed,' (Prov. xiii., 20). 'Be ye not unequally yoked together,' etc., (II. Cor. vi., 14-18). 'Be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues,' (Rev. xviii., 4).—Peloubet's Notes.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 4.—Topic—Gaining by losing.—Mark x., 28-30.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRIST IS COMING.

Mon., July 29.—Through our repentance.—Acts iii., 19, 20.

Tues., July 30.—By our deeds.—Phil. iii., 20.

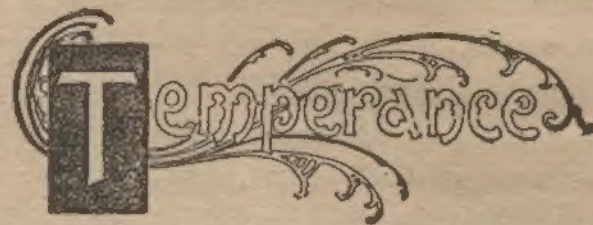
Wed., July 31.—Through our love.—John xiv., 21-23.

Thur., Aug. 1.—In our giving.—Matt. xxv., 37-40.

Fri., Aug. 2.—To all the world.—Phil. ii., 10, 11.

Sat., Aug. 3.—'Thy Kingdom come.'—Luke xi., 2.

Sun., Aug. 4.—Topic—How Jesus will come again.—Rev. xxi., 1-7.



Better Than a Pledge

('Ram's Horn.')

When Dr. John Wesley Brown was rector of Trinity Church, in Cleveland, Ohio, he was visited one evening by a stranger. The man was well-dressed, well-appearing, but evidently in deep trouble.

'Dr. Brown,' he said, 'I have come to you for advice and assistance. I am a victim of the drink habit. I have an excellent position—I am cashier for a wealthy corporation—and I know I cannot retain it unless I reform. I want you to draw up a pledge for me—make it as strong as you can, please—and I will sign it, and you will witness it.'

Dr. Brown leaned back and looked at the man.

'How long have you been drinking to excess?' he asked.

The man told him it was five or six years; ever since he obtained his present position. He only drank to excess when he was with his friends. He never drank at other times. When he was with his friends he would forget himself and overstep the limit. Sometimes he didn't go on a spree for a whole month, but the attacks were growing more frequent. He seemed to be losing his will power.

'My friend,' said the doctor, 'you don't need a pledge. I see in you a victim of good comradeship. You are far from being an ordinary drunkard. If you signed a temperance pledge and broke it—as you undoubtedly would do—it would still further degrade you in your own eyes. I do not advise the pledge.'

The man looked dumfounded.

'But what am I to do?' he gasped.

The doctor drew a card from his desk and rapidly wrote a few lines.

'There,' he said, 'read that.'

This is what the man read:

'To my friends: I find I am becoming a victim of the liquor habit. If I do not quit I am sure to lose my position and ruin myself. For God's sake, don't ask me to drink with you.'

'There,' said Dr. Brown, 'sign that and I will sign it as a witness. All I ask of you is to show the card when temptation is at your elbow, and if you fall come here and tell me about it. There! Good-night.'

It was a full month before the man returned, worried and dejected.

'I expected you long before this,' said the doctor, as he greeted the stranger. 'Tell me about it. Did you show the card?'

'Yes,' replied the man. 'The first time was the very next night after I called on you. A good friend, a railway man, came into the office and after I had checked up his accounts said:—"Come, Charlie, let's go over to the oyster house and have a drink." Well, sir, I was reaching for my hat when I remembered the card. I took it out and handed it to him. I thought he would never finish reading it. He looked at me and he looked at the card. And then he slowly put his arm down on the counter and said: "Charlie, I'd sooner cut that hand off than ask you to drink again." Well, sir, I showed that card several times after that, and every blessed man I showed it to took it seriously. Sometimes they laid it down without a word. And then—it was last night—I forgot about it, and here I am.'

'You are doing well,' said the doctor. 'Have courage and try and make the interval a little longer next time.'

It was three months before the man came back. The next time it was six months. 'And now,' said the doctor to the narrator, 'it is nearly two years since his last call, and I have every reason to believe he will not find it necessary to come to me again. So, you see, I was quite right. It wasn't a pledge that he needed.'

Why Do People Smoke?

(By E. W. S. Royds, in the 'Temperance Record'.)

He sat amid a cloud of smoke,
No sound the evening stillness broke;
His little son was sitting by,
And every now and then would sigh.

Tommy lay back on the garden chair,
His features bright, his legs so bare;
Then opened wide those wistful eyes,
And in a tone of great surprise,
Said, 'Father, dear—don't think I joke,
But why on earth do people smoke?'

His father leaned upon his book,
And then put on a puzzled look:
'My boy, I do not know at all!'
And then he let his features fall,
And giving him a playful poke,
He slowly said: 'Why don't you smoke?'

The saucer eyes grew bigger still,
And then with tears began to fill;
'I have tried hard, but found I couldn't,
You mustn't think it's 'cause I wouldn't.'

I did try hard to learn it, dad!
But oh! it made me feel so bad;
I longed to smoke before I tried,
But oh!—I thought I should have died.'

His father smiled, and then again
With emphasis the question came,
'But father, dear, don't think I joke,
Do tell me WHY the people smoke.'

Then came the answer, low but clear,
'You puzzle father, Tommy, dear!
But just to keep you from suspense,
I think it is—For Want of Sense!'

The Railways and Temperance

The managers of the great railway corporations are recognized promoters of temperance. Not that they preach total abstinence or pose as reformers, but to reduce accidents to the lowest possible minimum, and thus insure the highest degree of safety to their property—and especially to the travelling public, they wisely make rules that require the practice of total abstinence on the part of their employees. And what is the result? 'Zion's Herald' reports that among the thirty thousand men in the employ of a great railway corporation there is so little drunkenness that less than one percent of the discharges is due to that cause. Twenty years ago the proportion was twenty times as large. The demand for total abstinence increases every year with the increase of occupations which require a clear head and a steady hand. 'Temperance reformers,' says our contemporary, 'have no reason for discouragement. Even while the liquor interest grows more shameless and intolerant in its demands, and prohibitory and license laws prove ineffectual in so many places, new allies come over to the temperance side.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

In France the widespread inebriety is filling the hearts of thoughtful men with dismay. The French, of all nations, with the possible exception of the Danes, imbibe the largest quantity of spirits. Among remedies suggested, the most sweeping is that the government shall have the monopoly of the manufacture of stimulants, so as to ensure their purity. In Normandy the condition is deplorable. An eminent physician, Dubisson, says that, while the population has during the present century decreased by one-third, the consumption of ardent spirits has increased enormously. The mean duration of life has been reduced by more than half. Insanity, formerly unknown, is now fearfully prevalent; crimes of violence are rife; and diseases directly or indirectly resulting from drunkenness increase year by year.

Correspondence

Elmira, P. E. Island.

Dear Editor,—As I am renewing my subscription I thought I would write you a letter. I live in Elmira. My papa is a farmer and I have only one brother living. One died when eight months old. We go to school and our teacher's name is Miss Edith McDonald. My birthday is on Dec. 27, and then I will be eight years old.

MAGGIE J.

Westchester Station, Cumberland Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We all like the 'Messenger' very much. I like to read the Correspondence. I like to go to school. My desk-mate is Pearl Purdy. Our teacher's name is Miss Ballantyne. We live only a little piece from the school house. I can go there in almost two minutes. My birthday is on Sept. 2. I have two brothers named George and Lorne. I have two sisters named Minnie and Carrie. I have a cousin in Leadville, Col., who takes the 'Messenger,' but I have not seen any letter from her yet.

ANNIE PEARL F. (Aged 11.)

Londesboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have four brothers and one sister. My father is away to Alberta; he went on the excursion. We have three pets, we have a pure white rabbit whose name is Bunny, and a dog named Collie. I have a black cat with a white spot on his throat; his name is Peter. We have two horses; their names are Fly and Maud. We have six cows; I can milk any of them. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for four years and we could not be without it. I like to read the Correspondence and the 'Little Folks' page. I liked the story very much that was in a while ago about 'Left Behind in the Mountains.' We had a school picnic a few weeks ago at Goderich; it was a very pleasant time. I was up to the top of the elevator and out to the end of the pier. I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same day as mine, which is on March 11.

I. J. S. (Aged 12.)

Chance Harbor, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly two years. It is a very nice paper. I wish it every success.

MAUD T.

Adair, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. Mamma reads it to me. I am five years old. I have a little sister fourteen months old, just beginning to walk. I have a pet dog named 'Sadie.' We have lots of calves and chickens, and two colts.

ORVAL T. F.

Milltown Cross.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school every day and I am in the fourth reader. I go to Sunday-School and I am taking the 'Messenger' regularly. I have two brothers and two sisters and one of my brothers is working in the store in lot 64, P. E. I.

SARAH E. S. (Aged 10.)

Alberton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger' and we could not do without it. We like to read the Correspondence, and like it all. It is a nice paper. We were glad to see a letter from Florence Gray. We would like to know if her Grandpa Gray was shot in the American war in 1864. My papa's name is David Gray. I go to school every day. I walk one mile every morning. Our teacher's name is Mr. Forsyth. We like him very much. My birthday is on July 23.

NINA J. GRAY. (Aged 11.)

Adolphustown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brothers have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, but now I take it. I think it is a very nice paper. We all like it very much. We live near the shore of the Bay of Quinte. We see a lot of steamboats going by. We have two miles and a quarter to go to school. There are lots of flowers around here. We have about eight thousand apple trees and some pear and cherry trees. I will be 11 years old on July 23. I am sending some Sunday-school papers to 'Little Lottie.'

MAMIE Y.

Chance Harbor, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter as I saw so many boys write to the 'Northern Messenger.' The last letter was not printed that I wrote. My sister takes the 'Messenger' and we all like it very much. I do not find any paper equal to it. I have five brothers and three sisters.

ERNEST I. T.

Millville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I am taking the 'Northern Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. My birthday is on July 13. Has any little girl the same birthday? I go to school every day and learn geography and history, grammar, spelling, and I am in the fifth book. I have three sisters and no brothers. I have twelve uncles and eight aunts, and twenty-eight cousins.

SARAH H.

Somenos, B.C.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. I go to school nearly every day, and my teacher's name is Miss Blake. On the first of June we got a little 'Chilly,' and it is very quiet, and we are going to call it June. Wishing the 'Messenger' success.

WINNIE M. H.

Deloraine, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have three pets, a dog, and two kittens. The dog's name is Jack and one of the kittens is named Peter and the other Minnie. I have a sister younger than myself, and a brother younger than me. My brother is older than my sister. I have a dear little sister in heaven. My sister's name is Reba and my brother's is Willard. I go to school every day and I am in the second class. My teacher's name is Miss Richards. I hope my letter will not be put in the waste basket. It is very warm here in summer and very cold in winter. I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' My grandma is dead and my two grandpas, and I only have one grandma left. My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' five years. My birthday is on March 13.

HAZEL M. K. (Aged 9.)

Nova Scotia.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' nearly four years and would not be without it. I live on a farm. We have thirty cattle and four horses. I have two cats and three little kittens. I have a calf, I call it Bertie. This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.'

JESSIE L. H. (Aged 9.)

North River, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old, and get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and like it very much. I read the Correspondence and the Boys' and Girls' page. I have not seen any letters from North River yet, so I thought I would make a start. I hope I will see my letter printed. I read M. A. B.'s letter from Parry Sound, whose birthday is on the same day as mine. I wish M. A. B. many happy birthdays.

JOEY L.

Goderich, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandma takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to read the 'Little Folks' and Correspondence best. I have a little pet cat named Whitey. I have got three brothers and one sister. My oldest brother is working in an office at Sault Ste. Marie. We have two horses and one cow. I am in a club of twelve boys, the club has got a football.

CHESTER E. (Aged 10.)

Trowbridge, Pa.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I like to read the letters very much. I have a cat and dog for pets, my cat's name is Tiger and my dog's name is Rover. I have a brother and sister. I am in the third reader and like to go to school very much. I wonder if any other little reader has the same birthday as mine, Nov. 17.

OLIVER S. G., (Aged 9.)

Billerica, Que.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I like it very much. I like to read the correspondence the best of all. I am in the third reader and my teacher is Miss Edey. I have one brother and two sisters.

MILTON P. (Aged 11.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Rest and Recreation.

(By Lena Orman Cooper.)

Many of us, mothers of families, are too apt to deny ourselves proper rest and recreation, in order to keep the family coach running on well-oiled wheels. We only defeat our object if we overstrain ourselves. I dare put it, that many of the sharp words which darken home life are due to overstrain of nerves. I never see a woman shaking or abusing a child, without being tempted to say, 'My good friend, do go and lie down for a bit.' These shakings and fault-finders you will see (if you are on the look-out) nearly invariably take place in the afternoon.

Now, it is manifestly unfair that our children should suffer from our heedlessness. A few moments' rest will generally soften our voice and quiet our hand. Let me advise every mother in the many sweet homes of our land to set apart a bit of time to recreate in the matter of rest. After dinner, for instance, Baby is generally fast asleep, elder children are satisfied and quiet. Come apart and rest awhile then, dear mother. Lie down. Take no book with you to read. Shut your eyes. Let every limb relax. Do not worry about Tom or Jim or Mary Rebecca. They will come to less vital harm than if you were 'charing' round. At the end of a quarter of an hour you will be a different woman. Refreshed and strengthened, you will find washing up the dinner things, sweeping up crumbs, laying the afternoon tea, no burden at all. The rest will have re-created your muscles and nerves in the best sense of the word. Most women fly to tea when overwheeled. It is the worst thing they could resort to (barring spirits). Tea may over-stimulate and produce a false sense of relief. It pricks on the jaded horse: but it may do real damage in other ways. Take rest instead of tea, and you will act wisely and well.

Overstrain produces that pain at the back of the head and neck with which many women are only too familiar. To alleviate this, before lying down, squeeze out a sponge in very hot water and lave the affected part. All our nervous system starts from the nape of the skull. A hot application behind the ears and along the upper part of the spine works wonders. It rests as well as relieves. In hot weather, again, nothing relieves wearied feet so much as lying down with shoes and stockings off. I was told this by an old lady of eighty-five. She had been a governess all her long life, and knows what she recommends by experience. After running about all the morning, go upstairs as recommended. After bathing the back of the head (if necessary), remove stockings as well as shoes. Cover your bare feet, of course, warmly, and take your ease. Many a case of flat-foot might be avoided if this were better known.

A sofa is almost a necessary in every bedroom. So often we do not take the 'lie-down' we feel we really need, because it rumples and spoils the bed. A couch at the foot of it quite does away with such an excuse. To make such does not mean large outlay. For a couple of shillings you can get a frame from any second-hand dealer. Stretch over it some sackings. Measure accurately and make a bag long enough to lie from one end to the other. This bag must be made, in fact, six inches longer than the frame. Fill it with chaff. This can be had for the asking from any mill or flour store. It makes a delightfully clean, springy mattress. Put this in your bag of 'bley' cotton (costing about 3d. a yard). Cover it again with cretonne or chintz (the latter, though more initial expense, is really cheaper in the long run, as it can be cleaned over and over again). Put it in position. Pillows can be made either long-shaped or square. The latter are cosiest for tucking under aching backs, and the former for hunching behind one's neck. Fill the tick with torn-up papers. All the young fry will gladly tear up for you. There is something indescribably delightful in destroying anything! See that the pieces of the daily papers are torn up very finely. Stuff the scraps into the pillow and you will have the coolest, 'givingest' cushion you can wish for. For a 'couvre-pied,' three sheets of brown paper can be

tacked together. You do not want to sleep, so rustling will not annoy you. Slip these into a slip of Turkey twill. Blanket stitch the edges. Here and there work stiletto holes for ventilation, and you have a cosy, safe covering for nothing at all.

Women do not seem to think that the proverb, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' applies to the Jills of creation at all. I must decide otherwise. The dullest, most unsuccessful mother I know has never taken an hour's pleasuring away from her children for over ten years. She is a well-to-do person, and she ought to be ashamed of herself, instead of boasting of the fact.

The Influence of Pictures.

It was at a meeting of the Monday Reading Club, and the ladies were waiting, as usual, for one of the members who was always invariably the last to arrive.

'What a pity it is that Mrs. Smith can't be a little more prompt,' said the president. 'She's so bright and well informed that she is indispensable to the life of the club. I never like to begin without her, and yet it doesn't seem right that one person should waste the time of so many others. This lack of promptness seems to be her one fault, and I confess it is so inconsistent with her character that I don't know how to account for it.'

'I think I do,' said jolly Mrs. Kittredge. 'She didn't grow up in a house where a picture called "Procrastination" hung on the wall. My shortcomings are numerous enough, as you all know, but being behind hand isn't one of them. I believe I have never in my life been late to an appointment through my own fault, and I often thank that old picture for my habits of promptness.'

'Do tell us about it,' said one and another. 'What kind of a picture was it that could accomplish so much?'

'Only a little framed engraving, taken probably from some magazine where it served as frontispiece. Very likely some of you may remember having seen it. It was in the days of the old-fashioned stage-coach, and a family, laden with satchels, bags and bundles, ready for a journey, arrived a minute too late. The lumbering coach is visible in the distance, and the father is frantically waving his umbrella in the vain attempt to stop the fast disappearing horses. The mother looks as if life had few more charms, while tears stand in the eyes of one of the children. At least, this is my recollection of the picture, though it is years since I have seen it. As a child I must have spent hours pondering over it, wondering where they were all going, whether they took an earlier start next day, and made the visit after all, or whether they were going to a wedding which wouldn't wait for them, and so they missed it altogether. But I never failed to conclude my meditations with the resolve that I would always be on time, and the little old picture has held me to my resolution.'

'Yes, I can remember having seen the same picture,' said Mrs. James, 'but, as I didn't grow up with it, I can't recall it quite so vividly; still I believe Mrs. Kittredge has touched upon an important truth. People often fail to realize the influence of pictures upon a family, especially upon children; if they remembered it, I'm sure we shouldn't see so many ill-chosen, and often atrocious creations on the wall of otherwise well-furnished homes.'

'I believe you're right,' said another. 'I'm sure the beautiful paintings with which my father adorned his home had something to do with my becoming an artist. In those days good pictures were less common than now, and I can remember often feeling a sense of relief when I went to see my friends that I didn't have to look at their pictures every day.'

'I often have that same feeling now,' said Mrs. Brown, 'and I sometimes think that more people fail in the selection of their pictures than in any other part of their house furnishing.'

'I had never connected the two things before,' said little Miss Wilder, 'but perhaps my love of animals is partly due to the wonderful pictures of horses, dogs, and cats which made our home remarkable.'

'Of course it is,' said Mrs. Kittredge. 'And no doubt every one of us has been more or

less unconsciously influenced in this way. People don't think much about it. If they did we should see articles by famous people on "The Picture That Most Influenced Me," although I confess to thinking that that sort of thing has gone quite far enough already.'

'There comes Mrs. Smith now,' said the president, 'and for once I feel grateful to her for her tardiness. This talk has suggested many new thoughts to me. I shall go home and study my pictures with a fresh interest, and I fear that a "divine discontent" is—'

But by this time Mrs. Smith was fairly in the room, and the Reading Club promptly began the regular work of the day.—'Congregationalist.'

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